Swipe Right

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Swipe Right

by miasmatik

Summary

Will is a narcoleptic vampire who gets mistaken for a dead body. Hannibal is the serial killing coroner who runs the local morgue.

Written for Hannibal Cre-ATE-ive's #ReleasetheCrackin event.

Notes

Idk about this story idea, it came to me in a fever dream and refused to go away until it was written. Crack fic is not my usual forte, but I gave it the best stab I've got ;)

See the end of the work for more notes

“Are you sure, Dr. Lecter?”

Hannibal pulls his surgical mask down and smiles pleasantly at his assistant.

“It is no trouble, Matthew. It seems as though we’ll be having a slow night, and there is no reason I cannot finish up here by myself.”

Matthew nods with tentative enthusiasm, but he’s already looking longingly at the door leading out of the morgue. When Hannibal dismisses him again with a tilt of the head, he peels the latex gloves off his hands and grins back.

“Thanks, Doc. I don’t wanna be late for my date tonight. It’s the first time we’re meeting in person, y’know?”

Hannibal is well aware of Matthew’s latest obsession, and he is thoroughly tired of hearing the younger man drone on about *just the prettiest blue eyes* or *the adorable fluffy curls* of his would-be paramour. If Matthew had not been such an exceptional assistant, Hannibal would have likely eaten him long ago. As it stands, he’s merely grateful to let the other man meet his Tinder date and have the morgue to himself for the night.

“See you on Monday!” Matthew waves as he grabs his bag and walks out the door. It shuts behind him with a resounding thud. Hannibal takes a deep breath.

He’s got two murders on the schedule for the weekend and a dinner to plan for Sunday night. Assuming that all goes well, he should be wrapped up here soon and en route to the house of a man who spilled coffee on him three weeks ago. Perhaps he’ll even have time to schedule a massage in the morning.

It is poetic, then, that the phone rings in the next moment.

Hannibal glances at the landline attached to the wall – the one only used for the report of a new body – and sighs. He pauses in the middle of prying open a skull, places the buzz saw on the table, and answers the call on the sixth ring.

“Baltimore Chief Medical Examiner’s Office, how may I help you?”

The line crackles before a chipper voice answers. “Hey, Dr. Lecter! Price and I are bringing in a John Doe for you. Zeller’s out sick today but he says thanks for letting us use your fancy espresso machine last time.”

“Ah, Ms. Katz.” Hannibal rubs at a spot of blood on his glove, wills a cheerful note into his tone. “You’re very welcome. And please, bring him in. I was about done with my last autopsy.”

“Great!” Beverly says. “We should be there in about 10.”

When Hannibal hangs up the phone, it’s with a brief lament of postponing his evening activities. Nevertheless, he’s always intrigued by new corpses coming through his doors, so

he cleans up and preps a new table while he waits. He buzzes in the EMTs when they arrive.

“Some guy found the body face down on a park bench,” Beverly says as she and Jimmy wheel in the stretcher. “No obvious cause of death. He wasn’t breathing by the time we showed up.”

“He’s pretty cold, but no signs of rigor mortis,” Price adds. “Just very dead.”

Hannibal raises an eyebrow. He directs them to wheel the body over to his prep station. They lift the body bag onto the metal table, wish him good night with their customary pleasantries, and like that, he’s alone again.

Already a more eventful night than expected.

Hannibal removes his gloves and unzips the plastic.

The man stares up at him from inside.

Both of them blink.

A more eventful night indeed.

“Um,” the man says, very much alive. His voice is groggy but his eyes are clear and bright. And very, very blue. “This is awkward.”

In all his years as a medical doctor, a murderer, and a high society socialite, Hannibal has never been as much at a loss for words. He opens his mouth, then closes it again when the not-corpse moves to sit up.

The blue-eyed man – whose head Hannibal is now noticing is adorned with the fluffiest curls he has ever seen – brings a hand up and scratches at his chin. He glances around the morgue. His eyes catch on the half-covered body on the table next to him and he looks back up at Hannibal.

“Shit.” He pinches the bridge of his nose with a thumb. “I woke up in the ambulance but, like, what was I going to do at that point?”

Words still elude Hannibal. The man wrestles out of the plastic covering as if it’s an irritating sleeping bag, his face colored more with embarrassment than alarm. He swings his feet over the side of the table and moves to jump down, but he stumbles forward a bit. Hannibal catches him without thinking.

The younger man is ice cold to the touch. That’s the first warning sign.

“Ugh, sorry,” he says, but he doesn’t move to detach from Hannibal’s grip. If anything, he leans into the doctor even further. “It’s been a while since I ate.”

Hannibal looks down at him. The man’s eyes have glazed considerably, in a distracted sort of sense. His sight is fixed somewhere beneath Hannibal’s chin. He drifts closer still, ignores the tensing of the older man’s body, and ventures a loud sniff at Hannibal’s neck.

That's the second warning sign.

Hannibal finally finds his voice. "May I ask what you are doing?"

The man jerks backwards, snapped from his trancelike state. He looks embarrassed again. And his eyes are still very, very, almost enchantingly blue. Hannibal's fingers dig in where they still bracket the younger man's biceps.

"Ah, um, I'm gonna be late for dinner," the man offers as a complete non-explanation of the situation. His eyes have drifted to a place between Hannibal's cheek and jaw, as if purposefully avoiding looking down further. It is perplexing and fascinating all in one. Hannibal forgets for a moment what he was asking about.

Then he notices that the younger man is not breathing, and that is the third warning sign.

"What is your name?" he asks instead, because a couple things click into place at once.

The look he receives in return is almost comically incredulous, but the younger man meets his eyes and replies anyways. "Will."

He thinks over Matthew's incessant chatter about *beautiful Will, you have to see him Doctor, he's gorgeous* and his insistence that *no one's ever understood me as well as him, y'know? I think we really have something special between us and-*

"What are you?" is the question Hannibal asks next.

Will blinks.

In a flash, Hannibal is lying back on the cold metal table. Will looms above him, crouched in a predatory stance with an infinitely dangerous expression on his face. His eyes glow and his fangs are bared.

And that, really, was the last warning he needed.

"Beautiful," Hannibal says, because his brain has been more or less switched offline since the moment they first made eye contact. Also, because he's apparently an idiot. And too intrigued to even try to do something like defending himself.

Will stares at him like he's the one who just body slammed a grown man in a split second. His spine uncoils and the imminent danger in his expression bleeds away. In its place, complete confusion. And another faint blush.

"Uh," he says, left awkwardly straddling the older man's lap. "Okay."

Since acting on instinct has served him well thus far, Hannibal raises a hand and presses a palm to Will's face. The skin is cool and smooth to the touch. He brushes his thumb against the corner of still-parted lips, then presses a fingertip against the point of one sharp fang. A small prick of pain registers before blood wells up.

Will moans and the breath leaves Hannibal's lungs.

Then he's alone on the table and Will is halfway across the room, bright red in the face and a hand over his mouth in mortification.

"W-what-" he stammers nonsensically. He looks between Hannibal and the door, clearly contemplating just making a break for it, consequences be damned. "What is wrong with you?"

Hannibal sits up with a placid grin.

"Well I kill people and eat them, those are two things."

Will stares at him, again, like he's the unbelievable entity in this scenario. But he must sense the truth of Hannibal's claim because his shoulders relax. He frowns.

"You're kidding me."

"I'm afraid not," Hannibal confesses. He slides his feet back onto the floor and adjusts his lab coat. Will watches as he approaches, wary and immensely confused by the turn of events, but he doesn't run away. If anything, the humor in his countenance grows. By the time Hannibal is standing in front of him, Will has started to laugh.

"Jesus," he says, and scrubs at both eyes. Very carefully, he does not stare at Hannibal's bleeding finger. "What in the actual fuck."

Hannibal tilts his head and continues to smile.

"No, seriously, I've fallen asleep in some weird places but I've never woken up in a morgue with a serial killer." He casts a subtle glance to the clock on the wall and looks back to Hannibal. "But like I said, I've got a dinner date to catch."

"And I have to say," Hannibal responds, "I believe you can do better than Matthew Brown."

Will doesn't bat an eye. "You know I'm going to kill him, right?"

Hannibal shrugs. "I can always find a new assistant. You, I believe, would be irreplaceable."

And there it is again, the charming little blush. Hannibal is already addicted.

"You're crazy."

"You are magnificent," Hannibal replies.

"Stop it," Will snaps, but his eyes are playful beneath the cover of his hands. He starts leaning towards Hannibal again before he pulls himself back. The older man does not frown. He wants to, but he does not.

This has been perhaps the most eventful night of his life.

"You must allow me to feed you sometime."

Will balks.

“I’m very particular about what I put in my body,” Hannibal assures. He notes the way Will tenses as he brings up the injured finger, as he pulls a business card from his coat pocket. He takes care to smear a bit of blood across the edge and leans forward to tuck it into the front pocket of Will’s shirt. His next words, he lowers to a purr.

“I promise you won’t be disappointed.”

Will blushes again, and then he’s gone.

Hannibal knows he’ll be back. But first, he needs to download Tinder.

End Notes

Wowowow, okay so this is the first crack fic I've ever written and it was a ton of fun.

The vampires in this world are still primarily nocturnal, but they can stay awake/go out in the sunlight. However, being awake during the day pretty much gives them extreme symptoms of narcolepsy, so they're liable to just collapse and pass out anywhere. Most vamps choose to just sleep through the day because of this, but poor Will sleep walks and has insomnia lol (and he's been in more than one awkward situation as a result of it). Also, the idea of a vampire using Tinder to find victims cracks me up.

Credit to anyone who picked up on the "llamas with hats" reference (congrats, fellow meme garbage). I wrote this at like 2am and edited it only once, so I apologize for any remaining errors, but I hope it was suitably satisfying hahaha

Your kudos unsuccessfully attempt to warn Matthew and your comments make Will blush.

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